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My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken or do I but dream?
Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.
 —*Much Ado About Nothing.*



THE superb portrait by Rembrandt, which forms the frontispiece of the present number of the magazine, was the great feature of the recent loan exhibition at the Union League Club, to which it was lent by the owner, Mr. James W. Ellsworth, of Chicago, prior to its transportation to that city. Simply draped and specially lighted, it was placed on a wall apart from the other pictures in the exhibition, and it fully deserved the distinction. One can but compare it with another great Rembrandt in this country—the “Doreur,” from the Duc de Morny’s collection, now owned by Mr. Schaus, and I must say that I do not find it in any way inferior to the latter in execution; it is equally in splendid condition.

THERE are certain special marvels of technical mastery in the “Doreur,” such as the transparent shadow under the brim of the hat and the treatment of the moustache, which find no exact parallel in the De Sagan portrait; on the other hand, the face of the latter is far more interesting. That the features are those of Dr. Tulp, who figures in the celebrated “Lesson in Anatomy,” is very doubtful, and Mr. Ellsworth has done wisely in restoring to the picture its earlier title, “Portrait of a Man;” but the face is undoubtedly that of a person of refinement and great intelligence—a physician or a professor, perhaps—and is therefore more agreeable to look at than that of the kindly but somewhat vulgar face of the “Doreur.” For a steady companion one may prefer a gentleman to an artisan. It is noticeable, by the way, that the artistic trick—if the expression may be allowed—of showing the lips slightly parted, which gives so much animation to the “Doreur” portrait, is repeated in this picture.

OTHER old masters shown for the first time in this country were “The Five Senses,” by David Teniers (the younger), formerly in the San Donato gallery, later in the Wilson collection, and now fresh from the Secrétan sale, the present owner being Mr. C. Lambert, as has been stated before in these columns. These curious little paintings on copper (8½ x 6½) illustrate: “Sight,” by a young artist making a pen portrait, while an old man, probably his teacher, gives him advice; “Hearing,” by a man playing a bag-pipe, and another peasant, behind him, singing; “Taste,” by a jovial toper singing, preparatory to drinking a glass of wine he holds in his hand, a boon companion standing by with a stone jug; “Touch,” by a peasant, with a face expressive of pain, pulling a bandage from his wounded hand, while a woman prepares ointment in a chafing dish; and “Smell,” by a gardener putting a flower-pot of pinks upon a table and listening the while to a woman behind him with a flower in her hand. “The Satyr in the Home of the Peasant,” by Nicolas Maes, a strange combination of realism and imagination, and “The Advocate,” by Pieter de Hooghe, were lent by Messrs. Cottier & Co., and “The Concert,” by Adrian Van Ostade, by Mr. Durand-Ruel. The latter, by the way, is credited in the catalogue with the ownership of Delacroix’s “Amende Honorable” shown here, but that can hardly be; for I have reason to believe that if he had not sold it, it would be now among the “Hundred Masterpieces” at the American Art Galleries. The superb “Chien d’arrêt,” owned by Mr. Frederick E. Ames—I erroneously credited its possession, with some other pictures, to Governor Oliver Ames, last month—was also exhibited at the Union League Club. Fine as is Troyon’s “Garde Chasse,” at the Barye Monument Exhibition, its appearance there does not reconcile me to the absence of this splendid picture; for while the dogs in the former are in repose, this noble Pointer, in arrested action, shows to a greater degree those sculptural qualities one associates with the name of Barye than any painting of an animal I have ever seen.

THE Union League Club’s fourth exhibition of Oriental Art, held in conjunction with that of these and other paintings, was in itself very notable. It was of decorat-

ed Chinese porcelain, cloisonné and other enamels. The finest of the cloisonné pieces, including some very interesting examples of “champlevé” and a noble white bowl, of the Ming period, were lent by Mr. S. P. Avery, other contributors being Messrs. Brayton Ives, James L. Raymond, Thomas B. Clarke and W. Churchill Oastler. Struck by the painfully new look of some of the large pieces shown in the second gallery, I sought the reason, and was amazed to learn that they had been electroplated!

DECORATED Chinese porcelain, which is held in the highest esteem by collectors in the East, is only just beginning to be properly appreciated in the United States, where the taste has hitherto been for single color objects. The wonderful case full of decorated pieces at the Union League Club exhibition, from the cabinets of Mr. Ives, Mr. Dana, Mr. Ellsworth, Mr. Smith, Mr. Oastler and Mr. Clarke, shows that some at least of our amateurs know better than to limit their acquisitions by such a narrow range of selection. In consequence of the small demand for decorated pieces until very recently, whenever they came into the market they brought, comparatively speaking, low prices.

AMONG the most charming pieces in Mr. Ives’s contribution was an exquisite Yung-Ching vase with a branch of peaches, naturally treated with a free brush, put in most lovingly on a white ground of great purity. Very beautiful, too, but treated less freely, was his cylindrical vase of soft white, with butterflies in enamel—a choice Ming piece. More conventional in treatment and of exquisite workmanship was a plate with seven successive borders. A rose-back cup and saucer, with charming floral and butterfly decoration, a bowl and cover with very spirited green dragon decoration on a white ground, an egg-shell vase, and the noble peony vase, about thirty inches high, absolutely unique and the admiration of every connoisseur who has seen it, were others of Mr. Ives’s contribution of twelve pieces, “each one without a flaw,” as he remarked with just pride. The object in which Mr. Ives seemed to take most pride was a big Yung-Ching vase, covered with very elaborate decorations, in relief, of figures and flowers, introducing nearly every color known in the potter’s art—certainly a marvel of technical skill.

OTHER pieces in the case were two finely painted panel vases of the Four Seasons, lent by Mr. Walters, and, among about a dozen objects owned by Mr. Dana—all fine—his famous big black hawthorn vase; an amphora-shaped vase (Kien-lung), with exquisite decoration of roses and fern-like leaves on a pure white ground; and of the same period, a grand vase with wonderful all-over tracery of fruit, flowers and foliage overlaying a gold ground—green and gold being the general effect. This piece, I believe, was in the Mary Morgan collection. A very remarkable piece was Mr. Rockefeller’s Ming vase with a five-clawed red and white dragon in relief on a lustrous black or dark green ground, across which float white clouds—formerly in the Arbuthnot collection. Mr. Ellsworth showed an unique white Kang-he jar with Persian design in black; Mr. Charles Stewart Smith a miniature beaker with the rare leopard-skin decoration; his charming pure white vase with dragon decoration of the true peach-blow color, and a fine egg-shell lantern. Mr. Oastler also had a fine egg-shell lantern and a very handsomely decorated jar, with a landscape on a white ground panelled on a superb rose-colored body. Mr. Clarke sent a richly painted opium pipe (made in 1736), and some small decorated pieces, including one of lapis-lazuli ground, of rare depth, with variegated ornamentation.

SOME statistics concerning “the Legion of Honor,” given by The Magazine of Art, are suggestive. It appears that of the two thousand two hundred French artists who have received “rewards” in the Salon, ranging from Medals of Honor down to Honorable Mentions, three hundred and seventy have been “decorated”—that is to say, admitted to the Legion of Honor; and of them seventy have been raised to the ranks of Officer, Commander, and Grand Officer. Reviewing the list of these, the editor thinks that “there is hardly one among them who does not fully merit his honor.” But, what of the great mass—the other three hundred?” he asks. His inference is, that the average of their talent must be “at least equal to that of the average Royal Academician.” This is really startling! Think of three hun-

dred French artists, mere “Chevaliers” of the Legion, and yet every one of them with talent at least equal to that of the average Royal Academician—of Mr. Long or Mr. Frith, for instance!

I AM indebted to Messrs. Cottier & Co. for two admirable photographs of large size, similar to the famous Braun photographs, and in no respect inferior to them, taken by Mr. Kurtz directly from Mr. H. O. Havemeyer’s fine portraits, by Rembrandt, of Christian Paul Van Beresteyn, Burgomaster of Delft, and of Volkera Nicolai Knobbert, his wife, shown at the Metropolitan Museum. These photographs are not for sale—more is the pity. They are worthy of a place of honor in any room in any house, and in the interest of good art, there could not be too many copies of them. Mr. Kurtz, I understand, by the way, has a commission from the American Art Association to photograph the “Angelus” in similar manner for the benefit of a limited number of subscribers.

A PARIS correspondent of The New York Herald reports the following interesting conversation:

“Stephen Bourgeois, the well-known art connoisseur, was discussing Rembrandt’s ‘Angel Visiting the Shepherds,’ when he was asked how much it was worth. He said he had been advised to hold it up for 200,000 frs., but would sell it for 125,000 frs.

“Then it is not worth as much as Millet’s ‘Angelus?’”

“My dear sir, if Millet’s ‘Angelus’ is worth 584,000 frs., this Rembrandt is worth 5,000,000 frs. There is simply no comparison to be made between them. Millet’s painting may be worth 84,000 frs., but your compatriots paid exactly half a million more than its maximum value. I have a right to speak on this subject, because for three years I had the ‘Angelus’ in these very rooms, and tried to get rid of it for 10,000 frs.

“You Americans, with your boundless wealth and, if you permit me, your boundless ignorance of art, have so falsified the picture market that the price a picture brings is no longer a guide as to its real value.”

THE distribution of the medals and honorable mentions at the Paris Exposition has called forth bitter denunciation of the juries and the administration. M. Bouguereau, painter of wax-like nymphs and satyrs, has taken the lead in the attack, and charges, among other things, that there were too many foreigners upon the juries; that pictures were exhibited which had been rejected; that some of the awards were unjust; and that he himself had not been given from the beginning a place on the line. To this Mr. Proust, the director of the Exposition, answers that the number of foreigners on the juries was, as called for by the ministerial decree, in just proportion to the number of foreign pictures—that is, twenty-two foreign to nineteen French jurymen. Mr. Proust thinks, with reason, it must be confessed, that the fact that M. Bouguereau secured a panel and had his bust placed in front of it ought to satisfy that somewhat exacting gentleman’s private claims. That the juries failed, in some cases, to render exact justice he admits.

THE “William Donne” cabled from Paris to the New York papers as having been created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor is no other than the distinguished William T. Dannat, previously honored with the secretaryship of the International Art Jury at the Universal Exposition. Mr. F. A. Bridgman is the only other native American painter, I believe, who ever secured the coveted red ribbon, although Mr. Constant Mayer was given the decoration several years ago. Mr. Lafarge also receives the ribbon, but it is for his stained glass exhibit. General Franklin, as the head of the American Art Commission, is made a Grand Officer of the Legion, and General Rush C. Hawkins, his active associate, an Officer of the order. On Mr. Alexander Harrison is conferred the title of Officer of Public Instruction—whatever that may be—but he declines the honor. “He complains of unfairness in awarding the decorations,” we are told, “and points out that English exhibitors obtained the highest honors.” It is amusing to read at the same time, in a London despatch to the Herald, that the English are also displeased: “Americans may be dissatisfied with the manner in which French juries have awarded medals and other decorations, but Englishmen are foaming at the mouth,” we are told. The Englishmen certainly seem to have been highly honored so far as ribbons and buttons are concerned, supposing such rewards to have any value. But such honors, of course, are no honors at all unless awarded with discrimination, which it is notorious they seldom are in France; and is it not rather beneath the dignity of Americans to show concern about receiving

them or not receiving them? Mr. Dannat is the only American painter made a Chevalier; but just the same "honor" is accorded to—among about a dozen other English painters—poor old Sir John Gilbert, R.A., and the anecdotal Mr. Frith, R.A., whose friends ought to have stopped them exhibiting ever so long ago. The gifted G. F. Watts (also R.A.) and Professor Hubert Herkomer (only A.R.A.) are given exactly the same decoration. Now, where is the honor of it all? Go to, Mr. Dannat; find glory in your red ribbon if you can. And you, Mr. Harrison, be discreetly indifferent as to whether the French government make you an Officer of Public Instruction or a captain of artillery.

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It occasionally happens that a dealer, whether by design or inadvertence, marks an article with a price smaller than he thinks he should get for it. Has such marking of an article the force of a contract? In France it appears that it has, and that the dealer must sell at the price marked or *pay damages*. It is so also in England, and probably the ruling of the courts would be to the same effect in this country. To a correspondent, a London journal says: "He (the dealer) is certainly bound. The ticket is tantamount to an offer to all the world to sell the article for the price named to any one who will accept it on those terms. A definite offer and an unconditional acceptance are all that are necessary to constitute a valid contract. It is not material that the offer is not made to any particular person. That is so in many cases of contract, *e. g.*, in advertisements, and in announcements of sales by public auction. There can be no ambiguity in the offer where the price of an article is ticketed upon it, as the shopkeeper can have no other motive in putting the ticket upon it than to induce the public to believe that he is willing to sell it at the price marked. After the offer has been unconditionally accepted he cannot revoke it; the contract is complete, and if he does not deliver the goods there is a breach, for which he is liable in damages."

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IN The Moniteur des Arts, Mr. Emile Cardon, speaking of the disposition of American artists to go abroad for their subjects, gives the amusing instance, among others, of Alexander Harrison's "Chateaux en Espagne." Of course, Spain has nothing to do with Mr. Harrison's picture, which merely represents a lazy youngster lying on his back in the fields and dreaming away the summer hours.

* *

MRS. LANGTRY has a silver bath. Concerning this important fact, a writer in the Pall Mall Gazette says:

"Bathmakers believe that there is only one silver bath in the world. This was made some years ago for an Indian Prince by a London bathmaker, and he supposes that, the owner having died, the silver bath came into the market, and Mrs. Langtry purchased it. A silver bath is a tremendous affair."

The late Mrs. Mary Morgan, of "peach-blow" fame, had a silver bath in her house in Madison Avenue, and I think there is another somewhere in this country.

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ANOTHER little nest of false pictures has been discovered at Paris in a bric-à-brac shop in the Boulevard de Clichy. Some purchasers of pictures bearing the signature of a respectable artist, M. Raffaelli, conceiving some doubts about the genuineness of their possessions, did the only sensible thing in the circumstances, submitted the pictures to the artist. He not only at once pronounced them false, but had the seller shadowed by detectives until he was caught in the act of disposing of another forged picture. His place was then searched, and a large quantity of false Ribots, Rousseaus, Delacroix and Vollons was found, knocked carelessly around to be "discovered" by foolish amateurs of "bargains," rather than of pictures. The dealer was compelled to refund his ill-gotten gains, and the false pictures were destroyed. Their fabricator, in consideration of a promise "not to do so again," was let off, perhaps a little too easily.

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A CASE of special interest to publishers who use photo-engraved plates is likely to come up soon in the local courts. It involves the question of the responsibility of photo-engravers for the proper printing of their plates. Publishers who have been put to the expense and annoyance of stopping their presses on account of the wretched work of certain photo-engraving companies will watch the result with interest. MONTEZUMA.

A SMALL collection of pictures by Mr. Henry Mosler is to be seen at Schaus's Gallery. Mr. Mosler is well known as a painter of genre subjects. He affects the picturesque costumes and interiors and the simple manners of Brittany peasant life. One of the most successful of his paintings represents a peasant lad and lass making love, while a grim-looking old woman, mother of the latter, keeps a rod in pickle for her around the corner of her cottage. Another shows a farmer's living room with big box bed and fireplace built in stages in the background. Before the latter a tall peasant stands proudly looking on while the women and children of the household are gathered admiringly about the cradle of his latest born. Several pictures have single figures or heads, male or female, for subjects. Mr. Mosler paints solidly, is very happy in catching the lines which give action and expression, and he colors richly and naturally. Among other new pictures at Schaus's some exquisite Cazins are to be noticed. One in particular, with a windmill perched on top of a steep, green slope is full of the out-of-doors feeling which his recent works do not always exhibit.

THE publisher of The Art Amateur acknowledges receipt of the following contributions to the Washington Memorial Arch: Montague Marks, \$10; Thomas F. Kirby, \$5; J. D., \$1; B. S. E., \$3; B. B., \$2; Mrs. V. O., 50c.; Mrs. E., 50c.; Mrs. Y., \$1; "Washington Heights," \$1; "A Suburban Resident," \$1.

THE FALL "ACADEMY" EXHIBITION.

THERE are few pictures of great merit in the autumn exhibition of the National Academy of Design, but there are some of great promise. Notable among these are the canvas given the place of honor at the head of the stairs, and another by the same artist—Robert Reid—in the West Gallery. The latter, though smaller and less ambitious, explains the former in certain regards; and we will therefore describe it first. It is No. 392 in the catalogue, and is entitled "Between the Sun and the Moon." On a high and barren plateau, hanging over a wide plain, stands a shepherd girl and some sheep. The roofs of a few houses are dimly seen above the edge of the ridge, and the gray smoke from them rises into a purplish evening sky in which hangs a full round moon. The plain is lost in shadow. A few touches of orange sunlight linger on the bushes of the elevated ground and on the figure of the girl. The effect of these bright touches against the misty purplish background has been carefully studied, and the picture is very harmonious as to color. In the larger picture the artist has made a much more ambitious essay. The subject is "The Flight into Egypt." At the right, and facing the spectator, is the group of the Virgin and Child; the latter, partly supported by the mother's arms, is still seated on the back of the traditional ass, which is quietly browsing on some dusty herbage of the desert, in which the scene is laid. As in the former picture, the time is twilight, and a full round moon, barred by a streak of cloud, hangs over the horizon. On the sand to the left is a fire, the blue smoke from which is carried by puffs of air across the scene. The brilliance of the embers and of the moon is repeated in the aureole that encircles the Child and in the halo above the Virgin's head, with the effect of making these supernatural adjuncts look quite in keeping and therefore impressive. The mere choice of such a subject as this on the part of a young man would be noticeable, but the degree of success attained by Mr. Reid gives the brightest hopes for his future.

A place in the corridor is now definitely recognized as being rather honorable than otherwise. Beside "The Flight into Egypt" it includes some good pieces of sculpture and a few other paintings. A head of a boy, "Inspiration," and a decorative relief, "Cupid," by Attilio Piccirilli; two studies of horses' heads of full life-size, and a statuette of Mr. Joseph Jefferson as "Fighting Bob," by John Rogers, N. A., and a relief, "Peace and Prosperity," a study for a monumental frieze, by J. Massey Rhind, deserve particular attention among the few objects of sculpture. The last-mentioned work contains a large number of nude and partly draped figures, well studied and excellently disposed. "A Florentine Study," a head of a sharp-featured old man with a fillet about his hair, is also by Mr. Rhind, and is a capital piece of modelling.

A good though small nude, "Echo," by Herbert Den-

man, in the North Gallery, is not, as a picture, up to the average of his work. The nymph, in the conventional attitude, with hand to lips, is seated on a rock, with the sunlight shining through the foliage in the rear. All of this landscape is most conventionally treated. Near by hangs a humorous effort by Frederick James, which is more successful than Mr. Denman's idyll. It is a gouty old gentleman in a gorgeous dressing-gown and red bandanna, with his legs done up in red flannel, who is amusing himself with a game of "Solitaire." A very good portrait, by Alice Shea, of a young woman in yellow and black gown, sitting sideways on a carved chair, is distinguished by the enigmatical title "Yellow's Forsaken." "An Old Woman from Dachau," by Robert G. Sprunk, is a capital study of an old market-woman with blue gown and blue-painted basket. Every wrinkle in her ruddy old face tells a story. R. Cleveland Cox's attempt to get color with little but black and white in his "Portrait," No. 58, would be more successful if his handling was less teased. As it is, the lady's white dress, with violets at the bosom, the black piano, the green edge of the music-book and the gray background strike an harmonious note. The action of the extended arms and fingers has been well observed. A bearded negro chef, "King of the Kitchen," by James Fagan, is an excellent piece of brush-work, good in color and lighting. "Bereft," by Clifford Grayson, is an old woman seated with bowed head before the cross that marks a grave in some Norman or Brittany graveyard. It is a simple, quiet and forcible piece of work. "Venetian Fishing Boots," by Walter Palmer, show the familiar red lateen sails in a novel arrangement, with a bit of sandy shore and a fishing-creel in the background.

In the East Gallery is a good character study, unpleasant in color, but well drawn and very cleverly treated by Gilbert Gaul. He calls it "One of Sherman's Bummers." The red-bearded soldier is heavily laden with the plunder of some Southern barn-yard, and marches through the sunlit woods with a loot of chickens, turkeys and other fowls depending from his waist and shoulders. Unpleasant in color also, but very decorative as to design, is Walter Shirlaw's girl bending down a tall sunflower stalk. The lines of the figure and those of the plant are strong and graceful, and harmonize well. There is a capital crowd of Arabs, squatted, standing, gesticulating, gathered about a snake-charmer and his tambourine player, or mingled confusedly with horses, donkeys and camels outside the battlemented walls, in Wordsworth Thompson's "Market, Tangier, Morocco." A portrait which, as to drawing and modelling, is one of the best, if not the very best in the exhibition, is No. 223, by Frederic Marie Vermorcken—an unfamiliar name. Its brownish yellow tone will improve with age. A strikingly good little portrait, perhaps a little too carefully painted as to the costume, is that of Mr. Emil Carlsen, by Kenyon Cox. The pose is most unconventional, but it is natural, and doubtless characteristic.

Mr. Wyant's "Evening" is impressive in its simple composition, and is full of atmosphere; Mr. Chase's "Bath Beach, L. I.," is agreeable in color and bright and crisp in execution. But there are strangely few good landscapes in the exhibition, and in most of those which may be thus distinguished, the impressionist influence, particularly in Henry F. Taylor's red-tiled farm buildings in a flat landscape, "Souvenir of Normandy," is very observable. Thomas Moran, N. A., has returned to his older manner and to his well-known preference for Turner-esque effects. His "Venice" is brilliant, crowded, clever; and his "Sunset on Long Island" shows how greatly an adept at composition may depart from nature without becoming unnatural. Some influence of the late William M. Hunt is discernible in "Milking-time," by Frederick W. Kost. It is a twilight scene near the edge of a dark wood, in which some cattle play a very small part. A good still-life subject is "Country Pumpkins," laid, leaves, stalk and all, on a heavy brown table. The artist is T. A. Brower, Jr. "The Sail-maker," by Edgar M. Ward, N. A., is one of the best things that that clever painter has done. The old man is seated on his bench in a large, bare, whitewashed loft, near a large window, and is stitching a sail, which hangs from his knees to the floor. As a "tour de force" in painting whites it would be remarked at any exhibition, and the characterization and movement of the model are admirable. Joseph F. Mathews's Portrait of Mrs. W.—on a giant-like antique chair overlaid with hammered brasses—and William S. Allen's impressionistic Afternoon, with a blue girl in a blue boat, are also among the remarkable things in the exhibition.